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Hi, everyone! Welcome to the new sheet. Instead of boring you to death with a lot of David Copperfield kind of crapolla about why we decided to publish it (at least once in a while anyway), let's just hook'em up and get on with it, the way you like it...the way it was meant to be! Oh, by the way, the only way you can get the next issue of Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi (whenever it comes out) is by immediately sending \$1 in U.S. cash plus a clearly printed SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE to: Jeff Mullins, P.O. Box 36189, San Jose, CA 95158. Do not send checks, money orders, or more money and S.A.S.E.'s than noted above (unless you want a 9½ year old kid to launch rocks at your house!)

(SNS -- Sushi News Service)

CONNECTICUT MAN SURVIVES AMAZING PUNCH!

GREEN BAY, WI -- "He'll live, but it won't be a pretty sight!" said famed pro wrestling surgeon Dr. Bud Waterman who flew to Green Bay from Stanford Medical Center in California this week to remove a large fist and forearm from the mouth and throat of WWF chief Vince McMahon who, according to witnesses, opened his mouth to speak (when he should have ducked) during a recent locker room confrontation with the burly Titan heel known as Nailz.

"Actually, Doctor Bud was not able to remove Nailz' fist and forearm from McMahon's throat," confessed WWF spokesperson Gorilla Monsoon, who said, "Another attempt at surgical extraction will be made as soon as the knuckle sandwich syndrome caused by inflammation of the obdoola longatta protuberance at the back of Vince's throat is brought under control."

According to Dr. Waterman, "Due to the size of Nailz' fist--and the snug fit of his forearm inside McMahon's pipes--it could be life-threatening if the offending appendage were removed at this time." Dr. Waterman also said, "However, until surgery is performed, McMahon's life is in no danger, as long as Nailz cooperates by not wiggling his fingers too much and, this is critical, by not attempting to remove his arm from Vince's throat on his own."

Monsoon told Sushi News Service that, "Other than being a bit uncomfortable while riding in a taxi cab, or being somewhat inconvenienced while walking through airports," McMahon will still be able make his television appearances and do all voice-over tapings for the shows in which he regularly appears. We'll simply explain the on-camera presence of Nailz, (and the location of Nailz' fist and forearm) as part of an angle."

"IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE..."

"It could have been a lot worse," Titan employee Bobby Heenan told SNS. "Instead of punching McMahon, Nailz could have kicked him. I don't know about you, but I'd rather have a fist and a forearm lodged in my throat than a steel boot and a big hairy leg! Who knows what Nailz might have been stepping in prior to his confrontation with McMahon?!"

"Or it could have been much, much worse!" continued Heenan. "What if Nailz had given Vince a head butt?! Nailz isn't exactly the epitome of a role model for good personal hygiene. And how would Vince explain an employee's head stuck in his throat to his old lady when he got home for dinner? 'Honey, I'm sorry I'm not hungry, but I ate a big lunch at the office and it's not fully digested yet!'"

Letters to the editor? Sure, why not? (In the old sheet, humorous letters from readers were one of the most popular features.) Just keep 'em brief, in the spirit of the sheet, and be mindful of the publication's irregular non-schedule.

②

Dr. Bud: "Nailz...at the end of your finger tips...down there near his lungs...can you feel Mr. McMahon's heart?"

Nailz: "You mean this cold, hard, wet, slippery thing beating faster than a three count is Vince McMahon's ticker?"

Dr. Bud: "Yes it is. Now, Nailz, whatever you do...don't...and I repeat...don't squeeze Mr. McMahon's heart."

Nailz: "Like...this?"

Vince: "...Arghhhhh!!!"

Dr. Bud: "That wasn't funny, Nailz."

Nailz: "Sorry. It won't happen again."

Vince: "...Arghhhhh!!!"

Dr. Bud: "Stop it, Nailz. Mr. McMahon doesn't think it was funny, either."

Nailz: "Okay, I'll stop."

Dr. Bud: "...Promise?"

Nailz: "Sure...I promise...just like he promised me a bigger

SUMMER SLAM pay-off!

Dr. Bud: "No, Nailz, don't!"

Vince: "...ARGHHHHH!!!"

HE LAUGHED WHEN IT WAS AN ANGLE ON SMW!

Happy New Year, everyone! I'm Jubie Jay Mullins and I don't throw rocks. I also don't want to bore you to death with a lot of personal David Copperfield kind of crapolla, but I am still in big trouble because of what I did in October to Wrestling Observer Newsletter editor Dave 'Can't Take a Wrestling-type Joke on Halloween' Meltzer. Let's just say, I am probably the only 9½ year old kid in the entire world who has been grounded for the next fifty Halloween Eves and may never get to see another Halloween Havoc PPV for as long as he lives. I still don't understand why Dave didn't appreciate what I did to him when he opened his door (after I knocked politely and said, "Trick or treat!"), since he seemed to think it was very funny when Jim Cornette did it as an angle on a recent Smoky Mountain Wrestling show.

Well, as promised, here I am introducing what has turned out to be more than an update from Sushiland, but is, instead, the inaugural issue of Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi, a sheet that'll come out every so often when you least expect it!

Essentially, this issue contains Sushi News Service stories which have been rejected (for one reason or another) by legitimate news sheets such as Meltzer's Observer, Wade Keller's Pro Wrestling Torch, Ron Lemieux's Arena Report, and (don't let the name fool you, 'cause it's out-scooping everyone!) that hot new wrestling info bulletin Shine On My Hockey Post (\$2) put out by former GWF'ers Jon "Craig Johnson" Horton, Scotty "The Semi-Body" Hudson, and Steven "DeTruth" Prazak at 2215-1 Lake Park Drive, Smyrna, Georgia 30080. Weird name, huh? (Actually it's called Shenanumake Post, but trust me, it's loaded with the kind of fresh news and insider rassling gossip that the other guys can only dream about reporting.)

This issue of Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi also features some of the correspondence sent to, and sent from, Sushiland during the period since the old monthly sheet went south last Summer (not to be returning probably until Hulk Hogan's son is old enough to hook 'em up and challenge Erik Watts for the title.) Be sure to read the info on how to get the next issue of Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi, whenever it comes out. Like the now dead guy once said, "Beeeee there!"

EDDIE GILBERT SIGNS TO RATTLE AT RUMBLE!

STAMFORD, CT -- SNS has learned that the WWF has signed a former professional sports star (to be announced) to wrestle Eddie Gilbert in a gimmick match as part of an already loaded program for ROYAL RUMBLE '93. Vince McMahon told a TV taping crowd for WRESTLING SUPERSTARS that the type of match and the name of the famous athlete would be revealed in weeks to come.

In the past, when attendance has been a concern, the WWF and pro wrestling promoters in general have used big name, major sports figures such as boxers Muhammad

What's the difference between baseball slugger Wade Boggs (in a recent SUPERSTARS skit) & a slugging Mr. Perfect? (Only one of them can act.)

Ali and Rocky Marciano, football greats Ernie Ladd and "Refridgerator" Perry, and baseball's Bob Uecker to hype the gate. (As a side note, both Titan and McMahon must be commended for the creative angle used to explain why Nailz' arm was stuffed down Vince's throat whenever the latter appeared on screen.) ③

GILBERT MATCH HINTS WWF CHANGE

STAMFORD, CT -- With the "family audience" all but vanished from American wrestling arenas, Vince McMahon told a WRESTLING SUPERSTARS crowd--full of geeks, freaks, and underground sheet readers--that "Hardcore wrestling is what you've wanted...ARGHHHH!...and hardcore wrestling is what you'll get in the special gimmick match at ROYAL RUMBLE'93." The match features Eddie Gilbert and a "well known" mainstream sports superstar (to be announced.)

RED IS GREEN!

WRESTLING SUPERSTARS -- "Sounds great to me!" said Eddie Gilbert as he stabbed his index finger several times with a needle-sharp ice pick and then wrote his name in large, sloppy red letters during a televised "contract signing" witnessed by a smiling Gorilla Monsoon, a grinning Jerry Lawler, a smirking Vince McMahon (the smirk was hampered only a little bit by Nailz' arm) and others, all of whom were winking and elbowing each other behind Gilbert's back.

"Yessiree," screamed Gilbert, as he pointed and flicked his punctured and crimson finger at the camera. "A Barbed-Wire-Wrapped-Fist-Match In A Cage Full Of Broken Beer Bottles Against A Major Sports Personality To Be Announced at ROYAL RUMBLE'93 is my idea of rasslin the way it was meant to be--the way you like it!"

GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER?

WRESTLING SUPERSTARS -- "By the way, who am I wrestling?" Eddie Gilbert asked, almost as an after-thought, as he wrapped a tourniquet around his gushing index finger and handed his soggy ROYAL RUMBLE'93 "contract" to Nailz who, in turn, gave it to Vince McMahon, following the "worked" contract signing ceremony on the set of SUPERSTARS where Gilbert had just "agreed" to a Blood Bath & Gore Galore Match Against An Opponent To Be Announced.

"Oh, that's still to be announced, Eddie," said McMahon, making his eyes big and using the TV voice he uses when he seems to know something others don't. In the background, Monsoon, Lawler, Heenan, Okerlund, and Patterson continued to smile, grin, smirk, snicker and wink as they elbowed each other and watched McMahon carefully slip the still dripping-wet contract into a briefcase held in Nailz' free hand.

"SAY, WHAT?!"

TITAN TOWERS, CT -- "Say, f---ing eh, what?!" said Eddie Gilbert, when he discovered he had actually signed a no escape-clause, iron-clad contract with the WWF to wrestle in the No Stopping For Buckets'o'Blood & Barbed Wire'n'Broken Beer Bottles In-A-Cage Match Against An Opponent To Be Announced at ROYAL RUMBLE'93.

Gilbert made the above remark just before he tried to kill Vince McMahon (by attempting to yank Nailz' arm out of Vince's throat) in an office full of WWF employees who were giggling, smirking, winking, and elbowing each other.

The incident took place after Gilbert learned that his famous sports celebrity opponent was going to be none other than (giggle, smile, wink, smirk, elbow) the former Los Angeles Lakers professional basketball player, group sex star, and AIDS celebrity...Magic Johnson...and that Vince McMahan would not honor Gilbert's request to wrestle during the planned "Blood All Over The Place" match while wearing a rubber scuba-diving outfit lined with chain-mail and flack-jacket mylar inside a fully padded hockey goalie's uniform surrounded by a U.S. astronaut's space suit and copper plated deep-sea diver's helmet and bullet-proof plastic contraption like the one used in the "Boy in a Bubble" movie.

"The only drama I got from the Sting-Roberts match was from worrying about the health of the snake."

-- Steve Yohe, 12/28 OBSERVER

SUSHI-- A RETROSPECTIVE

④

Just in case you forgot already...

This bulletin is not Pro Wrestling Sushi.

Sushi-the-sheet is on long-term hiatus and probably won't return until the Second Coming, or until the dawning of a new golden age of wrestling, or until Bill and Erik Watts invite Torch columnist Mark Madden over for bar-b-que. Whichever comes first.

This bulletin may sound fishy, but it is not a fish. It is, however, the son of a fish, a grap-loving little squid-eater named "Sushi."

Sushi-the-fish (immortalized in old copies of Sushi-the-sheet by cartoonist Bill "Potshot" Kunkel) is now living in San Francisco Bay where at last report it spends most of its time eating smaller fish, harassing harbor-traffic from Japan, reading stories about pro wrestling from the 1980's which appear in Evan Ginsberg's Wrestling Then & Now, and (for some reason) hanging around the breakwaters just outside Campbell-by-the-Sea.

Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi is published in Sushiland, a suburb of San Jose, California, where some people think the earth is a squared-circle and take pro wrestling more seriously than "real life" as compared to some people who live in nearby Campbell-by-the-Sea who think the world is a "shoot" and try to expose pro wrestling as being a work. The lives of the inhabitants of Sushiland have been profoundly affected by the pro wrestling culture. Some of the changes have not been all that good. Dave Meltzer of Campbell-by-the-Sea is responsible for a lot of this. Campbell-by-the-Sea is a stone's throw from Sushiland. We know this because many times Dave Meltzer has complained that stones found in his backyard contain the finger prints of a nine and half year old pro wrestling obsessed resident of Sushiland. Hopefully, one day, we will learn how stones from Sushiland continue to wind-up in backyards at Campbell-by-the-Sea. And hopefully, one day, too, people in Great Britain will find out what makes those large mysterious rings in their wheat fields. Both incidents are real puzzlers. ("I have never been to England!" -- Jubie Jay Mullins.)

This bulletin takes no prisoners.

For now, Son of Pro Wrestling Sushi also takes no subscribers, per se'. It also has no set publishing schedule (as mentioned). The number of pages found in the next issue may be more or less than the amount of pages found in this one, and after this issue, if you miss the next one because you forgot to send in your \$1 w/ S.A.S.E., you are sheet out of luck...since no extra copies will be printed. Sorry, Sushigansters, but we are not out to build a publishing empire. At this point, if only a handful of you return for the next issue, it'll be fine with us. We just want to have a little wrestling-related fun without all the awesome responsibilities of bigtime bulletin biz. And reducing the paperwork-load on this end, and coming out when we can do it, are two of the ways we can keep in touch with all of you and still have time for other things, like discovering why mold grows on dinner dishes left to pile up in the sink for several weeks. ("I don't do dishes, either!" --Jubie Jay Mullins.)

... WHO YOU GONNA CALL ?

Dear Mister Bob Barnett, Santa Monica, CA,

Please excuse my Uncle Jeff Mullins for not responding to your nice letter about your sad night of drinking beer, reading old Apter Mags, and trying to compile a video featuring the "Best of Eric Watts" matches.

Unfortunately, Jeff is in one of his severely burned-out-on-wrestling moods. I think former Presidential candidate Ross "I'm Baaack" Perot would call Uncle Jeff "toast." Ross Perot. What a guy! HA! (He couldn't find his reproductive organ in a snow storm let alone locate MIA's in The Nam. Jerk reminds me of Jim Herd, the way he ran his campaign for Pres. I'd like to see Perot run WCW. "Just git under the ring and fix it!" That Perot. Clabber for brains. Jeeez.)

Hope you are careful on your surfin' trip to N.E. Australia. A classmate of mine at Lucretia Mott Elementary School (he's a nephew of one of the Bushwhackers) says his uncle Butch told him that the sex organs of wimmen in N.E. Australia are

If you just had to do it (grab someone's balls in a locker room) would Nailz be your first choice?

stronger than the jaws of Great White Sharks, and that if you try to reproduce with any of them, you'd better bring a fireman's "Jaws of Life" gizmo to bed with you in case one of those wimmen clamps down on your reproductive organ real hard and won't let go! He told my entire class this amazing fact during his Social Studies speech about Australia. (You should have seen the look on the face of my fourth grade teacher when he got to this part of his speech. She stopped breathing... after she choked-up her lunch.) Ms. Fartzapon, our principal, had to put out a call for the medics. ⑤

Actually, Mz. Fartzapon turned to me and yelled for me to call the medics. So, I dug into my backpack, pulled out a musty old copy of an early Observer Yearbook (when Dave Meltzer used to include the home phone numbers of wrestlers) and I dialed-up the phone number for the Famous Masked Medics. You remember them? The tag team who used to work arenas back in the 60's and 70's.

I'm not sure I did the right thing, though. Maybe I should have dialed-up the Famous Masked Interns, because The Famous Masked Medics weren't home. Our teacher almost died; Mz. Fartzapon said I had "clabber for brains," and I got ten days of after-school detention. It just goes to show you. Being a good samaritan can have its draw backs. I mean, who else should I have called? The Ghost Busters? Money, Inc.? Ric? What Did You Say? Huh? Speak a Little Louder!" Flair? (Even if Ric would have been home, would he even have heard the phone ringing... with his I Quit ear-drum and all?)

Hey, be cool, Mister Bob. That tape about Eric "I'm Just a Little Cowboy" Watts should be more fun than stomping barefooted through a field full of cow pies. Your friend, Jubie Jay "Clabber for Brains" Mullins.

PASS THE TWINKIES, PLEASE !

Dear Mister Steven DeTruth, Atlanta, GA,

It's a bit after 6:00 a.m. here in Sushiland, CA and I am awake and in my uncle's den typing this brief letter to you now, so that I won't miss any of the great Saturday morning cartoon shows on TV, you know, great kiddie stuff like Don Coyote & Sancho Panda, Winnie the Pooh, Pirates of Dark Water and WWF Superstars of Wrestling. Isn't it amazing how today's animators can draw wrestling characters that look so real? I mean, what real-life Afro-American human being in his right mind would ever let himself get soooo incredibly fat, paint white teeth on his lips, and do nothing but moan and roll his eyes during interviews like Kimala does? (Oh, you say Superstars isn't a cartoon show! Jeez, it had my little 9½ year old brain fooled!)

The reason I am up so early and writing to you is that I have just finished reading the 9/28 Observer in which Dave Meltzer reported that you got into the ring and tempted Junk Yard Dog with a Twinkie before throwing it at him.

This is not very nice, Mister DeTruth, throwing snack food at people. It is no way to treat your fellow man, especially a fellow Black Americun like JYD, even if he is as fat as Kimala. (At least JYD doesn't paint white teeth on his lips.)

At my elementary school, if you toss a Twinkie at a fat little black kid, one of several things is gonna happen to your butt big time: 1) School Principal Mz. Fartzapon is gonna assign you a million penalty lines to write, 2) She is gonna write a note to your momma telling her you've been watching too much Mempho 'rassling on TV, or 3) The little fat black kid is gonna roll his eyes and moan and call his entire family down on your skinny white boy butt!

Seriously, Mister DeTruth. Think about it. How would you like it if some black guy got in the ring and tempted your skinny White Anglo Saxon Yuppie ass with a bag of nutty granola and a cup of strawberry yogert? And then he tosses them in your face! You'd probably roll your eyes and moan, too, and call in guys like Scott Hudson and that hyper-fella who likes lacrosse, Craig Johnson. (Hmmm. Might make an interesting tag team for six-man competitions...Johnson, Hudson, and you in trunks, with black teeth painted on your white honkey boy lips! Call yourselves the "Dirty White Cannibals!")

How does Kimala do it, anyway? Roll his eyes around in one direction and move

⑥ his mouth around in the opposite direction without biting his tongue or getting motion sickness? Yesterday at school, I tried to chew gum and roll my eyes around at the same time and went cross-eyed during math class. It must be contagious, because when I got done screaming that the classroom had two chalkboards instead of only one, my teacher's eyes started rolling around in her head and she started moaning and weeping until Principal Fartzapon came and helped her to her feet and walked her outta the room.

Well, I gotta go and do some real life now. Sincerely, Jubie Jay "Pass the Twinkies" Mullins.

APOLOGIES TO CHI-TOWN EDITOR

Editor's Note (12-26-92): Before getting into all the Wild Red Berry 'n' Merry Xmas-Happy New Year greetings, I'd like to apologize to a fellow newsletter editor from Chi-town, IL about whom some sharp, biting, pretty rough satire was printed in the final issues of Pro Wrestling Sushi. As some of you know, that editor and I had our differences and, yes, Sushi tore into him pretty hard for his policy of always bashing defenseless little people and for never really plugging other sheets for fear that he would lose subscribers to them.

Well, be that as the case may be, I've recently learned from a friend of his that the person Sushi once called the "Yellow Bellied Chi-town Niggard" has, in fact, performed an act of unselfish generosity that, unless mentioned somewhere, would probably go unnoticed.

Basically, using money he and his small family had saved all year for Thanksgiving dinner with family and friends, I am told he used the money instead to send a 50-pound box of canned food and dried goods to SAVE THE STARVING CHILDREN OF SOMALIA FUND.

I've got to be honest, folks. A guy who would do something like that (take food from his own plate and the plates of his wife and daughter, and send it halfway across the world to starving kids, even if he is selfish editorially), is a good human being. (Let's face it. How many of us saw the Time or Newsweek photo-spread about the starving east-Africans a couple months ago and did nothing? And how often did we see the CNN news reports, only to quickly switch the channel to Nickelodian in hopes that "Leave it to Beaver" would chase the harsh skin-and-bone images from our minds? I know I did.)

Okay, L.L. I am wrong. You are not all that bad. And in some ways you are a bigger man than I. Your balls are boulders. You are a screaming eagle. And I hope to see you here in California, in January, in nearby Sacramento, for the ROYAL RUMBLE. In fact, if you'd like, I'll even pick you up at the airport and I'll buy you a drink at the hotel. Humble and feeling about two inches tall...I am Jeff Mullins.

...RETRACTION

Editor's Note (12-27-92): L.L., you slimeball sonofabitch!!! I can't believe what I just now learned regarding the actual contents of the 50-pound box you sent to Somalia. Your balls are still b.b.'s, pal, and you've got the breath of a parakeet! Forget Sacramento. And sure as dog-shit-on-a-lawn, forget the drink! Pissed and feeling good to be outta retirement to fry some Yella Bellied Chi-town Niggard balls...I am Jeff Mullins.

YELLA-BELLIED CHI-TOWN NIGGARD STRIKES AGAIN!

MOGADISHU, SOMALIA -- An official with SAVE THE STARVING CHILDREN OF SOMALIA FUND has revealed that a 50-pound box (supposedly containing canned food and dried goods from a pro wrestling newsletter editor of Chi-town, IL) contained instead five-thousand promotional copies of his newsletter, the front page featuring an 8x10 color photo in which the editor is pictured sitting at a large feast-laden dining room table, smiling at the camera, waving a fistful of roasted turkey drumsticks, and stuffing his mouth with greasy, mouthwatering Thanksgiving foods.

A handwritten inscription on each of the newsletters (which apparently were to be handed out to starving Somali kids) says, "Pass the Turkey!"

Pass the Wine! Where is yours? I've got mine!"

The official also said the bulletin had a plug on the page containing the editor's annual newsletter poll. The plug said, "Please be sure to send in your poll results by the deadline, and don't forget to send in any Somali wrestling jokes, like, "What's a starving Somali kid's favorite move?" Answer: "A good bowel movement!" Or, "How many starving Somali kids does it take to watch a Japan wrestling tape?" Answer: "One starving Somali kid to put the tape into the VCR machine and 100,000 starving Somali kids to find the strength to push the PLAY button."

"What kind of human would be so selfish, so cruel?" asked the fund's official. "What kind of pimple on the asshole of life would do such a thing?" Answer: Ebakaneezer Scrooge? Jim Cornette's character in SMW? Cowboy Bill Watts of WCW? No, they are a bunch of milk-drinking graham cracker-eaters compared to the jaundiced-eyed, penurious, bowelless, kvetching Yellow Bellied Niggard from Chicago!

Happy Holidays, L.L., you moth ball sniffing tick-turd. (Jubie Jay's Question of the Week: "How does the editor of Butthold sniff moth balls?" Answer: "He grabs 'em by the ankles, spread their little legs, and...")

...AND YET ANOTHER EXPLOITIVE ANGLE

STAMFORD, CT -- SNS has learned that Vince McMahon (not one to fret about things like poor taste nor one who would pass up the opportunity to capitalize on a major news event, like a Gulf War or famine, etc.) plans a special gimmick match for the ROYAL RUMBLE. The event will feature 100 big-eyed, starving, bloat-bellied Somali kids in a "Pork Chop on a Pole" Lumberjack match.

The pole will be wrapped with barbed-wire and explosives and, instead of axe handles and 2x4's, the Lumberjacks will wield bull whips and cattle prods.

McMahan plans to paint the kids' faces like Kimala and, with the help of Harvey "Downtown Bruno" Whippleman and Kim "Brooklyn Brawler-Steve Lombardi" Chee, he intends to pass them through U.S. customs by telling officials they are either midget wrestlers from Uganda, distant relatives of Giant Baba, or a few of the "kids" former pro basketball player-group sex star Magic Johnson left behind.

PRINCE OF PUGWASH, POTATO CHIPS, AND PORK RINDS

Dear Mister Rodney Leighton, Pugwash, Nova Scotia,

Your Newsletterwithoutaname that you sent to people throughout the world who do not wish to punch, maim, or otherwise slowly kill you, arrived here in Sushiland the day after Thanksgiving, or, I should say, it arrived here two days after the WWF SURVIVOR SERIES PPV which I was not able to watch because my mother, Attila the Nun, did not think that tossing a fat black guy from Uganda into an open coffin was suitable family entertainment for a 9½ year old fourth grader. My God, Mister Leighton. If tossing a face-painted African into a coffin while he is drooling, rolling his eyes, and acting like King Kong is not professional wrestling at its finest, then I'll eat Animal Steele's boxer shorts or what's left of 'em after Pat Patterson gets done with 'em.

Anyway, as one of the three or four people left in the world who do not wish to see you suffer an agonizing death on a red ant hill (because of the salacious things you have said about many people...including their girlfriends and wives!), allow me--on behalf of my Uncles Jeff and Riki-Jack--to thank you profusely for sending a copy of Newsletterwithoutaname our way.

Too bad you are not actually selling NLWAN and don't want it plugged because, personally, I think it is important to tell those little behind the scenes stories about wrestling fans and sheet editors even if you run the risk that they will strap a Ugandan Giant to your ankles, stuff you into a pine box, and toss you head-first into a hole in the ice out in the middle of the frozen Pugwash River. (I mean, hey! If Dave Meltzer sells the Observer to Dr. Mike "The Dentist" Lano for \$500 G's and a nude photo of Bull Nakano, people have a right to find out about stuff like that and you are obligated to report it like you did.)

Well, it was good to hear that you are alive and kicking and that this winter you plan to lay off the potato chips and pork rinds. For some strange reason I hope

⑧ you put out another issue of Newsletter without a name, and instead of being so nice and trying to cover all your bases, I hope you just let the Old Hot Rod loose to really kick some ass without all the little suck-up. When it comes to kicking butt, compared to the Old Hot Rod of Pugwash, Mark Madden of the Torch, Jeff Bowdren of Arena Report, and L.L. of Butthold are nothing more than splinters in a rhino hiney! Your little American nephew, Jubie "Eh?" Mullins.

TIME TO RELAX AND ENJOY THE LITTLE THINGS

Whooooo! It's hard to believe almost six months have passed since the final issue of PWS was mailed. Also difficult to believe that some of us here in Sushiland have actually survived life with less graps (as compared to the three years we published Sushi.) I'm sure many of you remember the pre-Sushi days in the mid-80's when pro wrestling and the underground and all the sheets went ballistic for about four or five years and the feeling about graps was like when we were kids who believed in Santa and couldn't wait 'til Christmas. Has the wrestling scene really changed all that much? On one hand, yes. (Anyone who reads the sheets, watches tapes, views TV, and takes their chances at the big arena shows knows it's not what it use to be.) On the other hand, no. (Wrestling has not really changed.) Take a look at what is going on in Europe and Great Britain where Davey Boy Smith is to the new legion of fans what Hulk Hogan, Ric Flair, and that era were to many of us. Those people in Euroland are going ballistic because they can't get enough of what we here today are going into a collective stupor over. For them it's all new, like it once was for us, we who now (not all, but many of us) grouse or grumble and "burnout" or try new or different wrestling fixes (Japan, Mexico, tapes, or local promotions) which more often than not only hold our interest for a moment before we get that nagging feeling that it's just not what it use to be, and, darn it, oh, how we wish that feeling were back. But no matter how hard we try, it's just not there. And maybe that's the problem. Maybe we are trying too hard to get "it" back. Maybe we've got to relax, let go, try out some other non-wrestling related things, check out new friends, new interests, new ideas, new scenes. Whether we like it not, we hardcore-die hards we, the rest of the nation has already begun traveling down the path just described, while we (like barnacles) just won't let go yet, won't accept the fact that whatever it was, it's over. For now, anyway.

Now, with that said, here are just a few of the things which continue to interest me about our sport: Ray Stevens in the WWF showing Shawn Michaels how it's done; the action at Smoky Mountain and, God bless him, Jim Cornette; Jim Thompson's belly jiggling M.L. Curly columns in the DETROIT NEWS; the Atlanta Boys and their wonderful new "sheetanumake"; the Bill and Eric Watts Magical Mystery Tour; the first WCW booking meeting when Greg Gagne speaks; Barry Windham's heel turn; Doink (C'mon, fellas, remember Stephen King's 'It!'); Wade Keller's incredible Torch interviews and the Hitch, Mitch, and Mark Show; what's going on with that crazy commish in Portland, according to Ring Around the Northwest's Mike Rodgers; "Mondo" Klon, Mike Terry, and the gang at AR and the arrival of Ron Lemieux's big, monster annual; the photo of Kenneth Knisely at a Houston show where he pulls a pantyhose leg over his head and holds a cardboard sign that says "Will Wrestle for Food!"; buddies Matt Creamer, Wade Ratliff, and Bobby Yates in Dave Prazak's sharp Outside Interference who are a bit more psycho than they let on; concern for the future of Bobby Eaton; a just arrived tape of something probably illuminating from Harry White; the weekly unraveling of pro graps in the U.S. as chronicled exquisitely by Meltzer; Jeff Cohen's also exquisite editorials in Fantasy Fed; and the career of my favorite grapster-with-brain-even-though-he-can-be-cruel-to-greenies, Kevin Sullivan. Well, time, space, and your tolerance for this kind of stuff require I cease.

Hey, this has been fun. Hope you enjoyed it, too. The next issue of this little sonofafish will be published and mailed whenever we can get it out—or sooner if events warrant—so, be sure to send in your \$1 w/ S.A.S.E. as soon as possible so that you won't miss a thing. — Jeff Mullins, Riki-Jack Hammeroyd, and Jubie Jay

Afterthoughts: This issue wasn't planned this way, but I just watched WCW's 12/28 STARRCADE'92/BATTLEBOWL and was so affected by it I figured I'd add this post script, uh, post mortim. Well, let's put it this way. In the days when Ray Stevens and, later, Ray & Pat Patterson were packing 'em in to the rafters up in the S.F. Cow Palace, hardly a month went by when I wouldn't beg, cheat, lie, steal, or sell my sweet Aunt Petunia down the river to attend those cards. For an entire four weeks prior to those events, legendary promoter Roy Shires (who had strings attached to my wrestling soul) would tug on them each Friday night during the one-hour TV show on KTVU-Channel 2 from Oakland, and (swear as I might in the middle of the month that I was not going to subject myself to all driving, parking, fog, and traffic hassles in getting there) get there I would, hardly ever regretting it. Sure, the preliminary bouts were often tedious and, even though the mid-card was usually full of "fresh" gimmick matches (midgets, women, "giants", the Mummy, etc.) or "special events" (appearances by wrestlers like Lou Thesz, Mil Mascaras, The Fabulous Kangaroos, Edward Carpentier, etc.), it was the semi-main (Shire's loved using Japanese heel tag-teams in this role) and the main event featuring Ray Stevens against the baby-face of the month that always hooked me. And no matter what the pain associated with getting there, I went and went and went. Which brings me to STARRCADE'92. Sure, there were some splendid moments, and even some good wrestling, but something was missing. Shires, may he rest in peace, would know. What was missing was "heart." Something to really care about. The absence of this single ingredient was, for me, more painful than ten years worth of fighting traffic, finding free parking, and driving through fog in the days before the handi-cam, steroids, fireworks, and Missy's boobs.